THE WAR AND THE FUTURE

JOHN MASEFIELD

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THE WAR AND THE FUTURE

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THE WAR AND THE FUTURE

BY

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"The Widow in the Bye Street," etc.

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TO
THOMAS W. LAMONT

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A SPEECH FOR ST. GEORGE'S DAY,
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THE WAR AND THE FUTURE

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

A Speech for St. George's Day, April 23rd, 1918

FRIENDS, for a long time I did not know what to say to you in this second speaking here. I could fill a speech with thanks and praise: thanks for the kindness and welcome which has met me up and down this land wherever I have gone, and praise for the great national effort which I have seen in so many places and felt everywhere. We, who, like you, have had to lay by our pleasant ways, and take up hard ones, and go up a bitter path to an end men cannot see, know how great your sacrifice and your effort are. But I could not thank you or praise you enough, and even if I could, the best praise and thanks are silent. If and when I return to England, I will speak your praise.

So, casting about for a theme, I thought, that today is St. George's Day, the day of the Patron Saint of England, and that today, in the far past, that great knight of God rode out, in the Eastern country, and killed a dragon which had been devouring women, and that Englishmen had thought that deed a holy, and most beautiful and manly thing, and had chosen St. George from among all saints to be their saint, and had taken his banner to be their banner, and called upon him, century after century, when they went into battle. For they felt that such a man lived on after death, and would surely help all holy and beautiful and manly men for ever and for ever.

And I thought, too, that on this day, 354 years ago, the child, William Shakespeare, was born, in that old house in Stratford which so many of you have gone to see. And that on this same day, after he had done his day's work, he passed out of this life, into that Kingdom of England which is in the kindling mind, in all its moments of beauty, and that there he, too, lives for ever, to give peace, even as St. George gives a sword, to all who call upon him.

So, thinking these things, all the more keenly, because I am far from England, in this sweet

season of April, when the apple blossom is beginning, I felt that I would talk of England. Not of any England of commerce or of history, nor of any state called England, but of that idea of England for which men are dying, as I speak, along 5,000 miles of war.

I believe that the people of a country build up a spirit of that country, build up a soul, which never dies, but lingers about the land for ever. I believe that every manly and beautiful and generous and kindling act is eternal, and makes that soul still greater and more living, till in the land where manly and kindling souls have lived, there is everywhere about the earth, present like beauty, like inspiration, this living gift of the dead, this soul. And nations are only great when they are true to that soul. Men can only be great when they are true to the best they have imagined. And I believe that in times of stress, in national danger, in calamity, the soul behind a nation kindles and quickens and is alive and enters into men, and the men of the nation get strength and power from it.

I believe that that great soul, made by the courage and beauty and wisdom of the millions of the race, is the god of the race, to protect it and guide it and to lead it into safety. And

men turning to it in time of trouble and calamity are helped and guarded by it, and brought out of the land of Egypt by it into their pleasant heritage.

Yet nations, like men, sometimes turn away from their true selves to follow false selves, and to serve false gods. All the old Bible is full of stories of a little nation sometimes true, sometimes false to its soul, and falling into calamity, and then being quickened and helped, and returning to the truth and coming to marvellous things, to the green pastures, where goodness and loving kindness follow men all the days of their life.

Understanding is the only thing worth while in this life. Art is nothing but complete understanding of something. All writers long to understand the spirit of their race.

Let me say now, that 25 years ago, it would have been difficult for an Englishman to speak here, about the spirit of England, and to claim that it is something of the spirit of St. George, a manly and beautiful spirit, ready to help some one weaker, and something of the spirit of Shakespeare, a just and tender spirit, fond of fun and kindness and of the rough and busy life of men. That delicate, shy, gentle,

humorous and most manly soul is the soul of England. It is in Chaucer, in Shakespeare, in Dickens. It is in the old ballads and tales of Robin Hood, who stood up for the poor, and was merry walking in the green forest. It is in the little villages of the land, in the old homes, in the churches, in countless old carvings, in old bridges, in old tunes, and in the old acts of the English, a shy, gentle, humorous and most manly soul, that stood up for the poor and cared for beauty. No finer thing can be said of men than that, that they stood up for the poor and cared for beauty; that they cared to be just and wise.

Nearly 300 years ago, the life of England suffered a rude change in seven years of civil war. The ways of life which had been settled for five generations were suddenly and completely changed. There followed a turbulent and unsettled century, during which, for reasons of party, a foreign king, and line of kings, with foreign interests, and foreign methods, came into our land.

And at the same time, something else came into our land. Industry and adventure had long been virtues of the English; but now the two together began to create competitive com-

mercialism. And just as competitive commercialism began, a small clique of corrupt politicians, gathered under the foreign king, and by bribery and iniquity of every kind, seized the common lands of the villages of England and enclosed them. Until then, the country folk in England had shared large tracts of land, so that, though they were poor, they still had grazing for cows and sheep and geese, and woodland for firing. Now by various acts of legal robbery these lands were taken from them, and they were reduced to an extreme poverty. They were forced into a position very like slavery. They had no possessions except their right hands. There was no St. George to stand up for them, nor any Robin Hood, except that coarse and bitter truth-teller, William Cobbett. They had the choice to be the slaves of the landowners or of the factory-owners, and the great mass of the populace ceased to have any share of what life offers. The enclosing of the commons robbed them of leisure and independence, the coming of the factories took them from the fields and the old communities, and flung them into new ones, which were allowed to grow up anyhow, without art, without thought, without faith or hope or charity, till the face of the land

was blackened, and the soul of the land under a cloud.

If you consider the thought and the voices of that time, you can see that the soul of the land was under a cloud. The thought and the voices of that time are things divorced from the body of the people. The thought is the possession of a few leisured men. It is not the joy of a great body of men. The voices are the voices of a few men crying in the wilderness that things are evil.

The thought of that time was the thought of Dr. Johnson's Club, and of Joshua Reynolds' patrons. The voices are the voices of Wm. Blake crying aloud that he would rebuild the city of God among those black Satanic mills, and of Wm. Wordsworth, who saw that poetry, which should be the delight of all, was become an unknown tongue to the multitude. And later the voices become more passionate and wilder and bitterer. They are the voices of Byron, who saw the foreign king, that royal lunatic, and his drunken but jovial son, and the bought-and-sold politicians who ran the country, for what they were, and mocked them. And the voice of Shelley, who cried to the men of England to shake themselves free, and the

voice of Carlyle, who saw no hope anywhere but in the drill sergeant, and the voice of Ruskin, who saw no hope anywhere but in the coming back of St. George.

There was only one question to those men, the-condition-of-England question. Thinking men might justly be proud of certain achievements in those years, many things were invented, many things were thought out, great books were written, and the world was charted and navigated and exploited, but there was no peace in that England for the men with souls to be saved.

The machine worked, it did great things, men could point to its results, but the great men, the seeing men, were unanimous that England was not a merry England for rich or poor. It was still a land where there was kindness and manliness and a love of life and sport and country. But with this, there was an apathy to things which were vital and kindling. The nation was drunken, and that was looked on with apathy, the nation had ceased to care, as it once had cared, with a most noble, intense, and passionate pride, for things of beauty and of style, in life, and art and music and the means of living. And this deadness and apathy and stu-

pidity were become even matters of pride to some. Then the nation, with all its wealth, was an ill-taught, an ill-fed, and an ill-clad nation, so that in every city in the land a vast number of souls were ignorant, and a vast number of bodies had not enough to eat nor enough to put on. And the rich, who owned the wealth, had lost the old English sense of splendour of life. They watched the beggary and the drunkenness with apathy. They watched the waste and the degradation of genius without lifting a finger. One of the most delicate silversmiths of our time died of consumption as a seller of cat's meat. One of our most delicate lyric poets died of consumption as a seller of matches in the street. Not all the efforts of all the writers of England could get a theatre for the fit and frequent playing of Shakespeare. Not all the wealth nor all the industry could reduce the paupers of England, the men and women who could not make a living, to less than a million in the year.

So that, early in 1914, England was a troubled and yet an apathetic country, with small minorities breaking their hearts and sometimes people's windows in an effort to bring about a change, and with a vast, powerful, un-

thinking selfish weight of prejudice and privilege keeping things in the old ruts and the old grooves laid down by the foreign king a century and a half before.

And yet, with it all, there was immense virtue in the land. Work was well done. English goods were well made. And we were not afraid to let any nation compete with us in the open market. The nations could sell their goods in our markets on equal terms. We had no quarrel with any one. We wished to show that we had no quarrel with any one. During the years before the war, we increased our Navy, so that no enemy should attack us with impunity, but we reduced our tiny army by some divisions, and our auxiliary army by an army corps.

People say now that we were wrong. We may have been. At any rate, we did the generous thing, and I don't know that the generous thing is ever wrong. And in any case, we have paid the price.

In the first week of July, 1914, I was in an old house in Berkshire, a house built eight centuries before by the monks, as a place of rest and contemplation and beauty. I had never seen England so beautiful as then, and a

little company of lovely friends was there. Rupert Brooke was one of them, and we read poems in that old haunt of beauty, and wandered on the Downs. I remember saying that the Austro-Serbian business might cause a European war, in which we might be involved, but the others did not think this likely; they laughed.

Then came more anxious days, and then a week of terror, and then good-bye to that old life, and my old home in Berkshire was a billet for cavalry, and their chargers drank at the moat. I saw them there. And the next time I saw them they were in Gallipoli, lying in rank in the sand under Chocolate Hill, and Rupert was in his grave in Skyros.

We were at war. We were at war with the greatest military power in the world. We had an army of about 180,000 men, scattered all over the world, to pit against an army of five or six millions of men, already concentrated. We had, suddenly, at a day's notice, with the knife at our throats, to make an army of six or seven million of men, and we had perhaps trained officers enough for an army of 300,000. We had to enlist, house, tent, train and officer that army. We had to buy its horses and

mules, build its cars and wagons and travelling kitchens. We had to make its uniforms and straps, blankets, boots and knapsacks; and, worst of all, we had to make its weapons.

We had the plant for making (I suppose) 50 big guns and 500 machine guns and 50,000 rifles in the year, with proportionate ammunition. Suddenly we wanted 50,000 big guns, and 500,000 machine guns and 10,000,000 rifles with unlimited ammunition, more ammunition than men could dream of, with all sorts of new kinds of ammunition, bombs, hand-grenades, aerial torpedoes, or flying pigs, flying pineapples, egg-bombs, hairbrush-bombs, Mills bombs, trench mortar bombs, such as men had never used. And those things were wanted in a desperate hurry and we had the plant for not one-fiftieth part of them, nor the workmen to use the plant when made, nor the workmen to make the plant.

It is said that it takes one year to make the plant for the making of the modern big gun, and to train the workmen to make the countless delicate machines with which men kill each other in modern war. That was the proposition we were up against, and meanwhile, just across the water, well within earshot of our eastern coun-

ties, the enemy, like an armed burglar, was breaking into our neighbours' house, and killing our neighbours' children, taking his goods, abusing his women and burning the house over the victims.

In the first eight days of the war we sent two-thirds of our little army to France (about 120,000 men all told). They marched up to take position, singing, "It's a long, long way to Tipperary." It was not to be a long way to those brave men, for half of them were gone within eight weeks. They were not too well-equipped with guns, nor had they many machine guns, but every man in the army was a very carefully trained rifle-shot. Against them came enemy armies numbering nearly half a million of men.

They came into touch on August 23rd, near Mons, against odds of five or six to one. They were driven back, of course. That little line was turned and almost enveloped. There has been little fighting in this war to equal that first fighting. But one man cannot fight six men: so our army fell back, fighting desperately, in hot weather, for nine days.

Often in that blazing weather, divisions were so footsore that they could go no farther.

Then they would take position and lie down and fight. The only rest they had was when they could lie down to fight. And at night, when they got to their bleeding feet again and plodded on in the dark, a sort of refrain passed from rank to rank, "We're the bloody rearguard, and bloody rearguards don't eat and bloody rearguards don't sleep, but we're up, we're up, we're up the blooming spout."

They fell back for nine days and nights, till the enemy was at the gates of Paris, and the Allied cause seemed lost. You know how the enemy swept into Belgium and into Northern France, with his myriads of picked men, his aeroplanes and overwhelming numbers of guns. They marched singing and they came on like a tide, supping up cities, Liége, Namur, Mons, Cambrai, as though they were the sea itself. They beat back everything. The French were not ready, the Belgians were only a handful, we were only a handful. And then, when they were at the gates of Paris, the miracle happened. That great army outran its supplies. It advanced so swiftly that the heavy loads of shells could not keep pace with it. Then in September, 1914, that great calm soldier Marshal Joffre wrote those words which will be

remembered as long as this war is remembered: "The time has come for going back no further, but to die where you stand if you cannot advance." Then came the battle of the Marne, and people knew that whatever happened there would be no overwhelming victory for the enemy. He was beaten and had to fall back to gather strength for another effort, and all his dreams of sudden conquest collapsed.

But though our armies won at the Marne, it was only by miracle; and the essence of miracles is that they are not repeated. Our side was not ready for war. We were weaker than the enemy in guns, men and equipment. Our task was still to hold the line somehow, without guns, and almost without men, but by bluff and barbed wire, while guns could be forged and men trained. The enemy was ready for a second spring long before we were ready to resist him, and this second spring was not to fail, as the Marne had failed, through want of munitions.

This second spring took place at the end of October, 1914, when we had lost about half our original army and had altogether about 100,000 men in the line, many of them drafts who had not had one month's training. This 100,000

were outgunned and outnumbered. All are agreed that the enemy brought against that 100,000 not less than six times its strength, and the battle that followed (the first battle of Ypres) lasted for twenty-seven days and nights of continuous and bloody fighting. To this day no soldier can understand why the enemy didn't break through. Our line was so thinly held that in many places there were no supports and no reliefs of any kind, and the men stayed in the trenches till they were killed or wounded. That little and weary army underwent a test such as no other army has had to stand. The enemy shelled our line, with a great concentration of guns, and attacked with a great concentration of men, and broke the line at Gheluvelt, near Ypres. It has been thought by some that the enemy had only to advance to crumple the whole army; and destroy the Allied Cause. And then two men (according to the story) saved the issue. Two English soldiers, named Pugh and Black, gathered up small parties of men, regimental cooks and servants, stretcher bearers, and walking wounded, and held the enemy in check, till what was left of the Worcester Battalion, about four hundred men, could be put in to retake the village. Those four

hundred men saved the line and prevented a defeat. Our generals were writing an order for retreat when a staff officer came galloping up to them, in wild excitement, and without a hat, to shout out that the Worcesters had restored the line.

In that most bloody battle of " First Ypres," one English battalion was obliterated, another was remade two and a half times between October and Christmas, a third, which went in 987 strong, came out 70 strong; in a fourth, an officer who returned to duty after two months in hospital, found only one man left who had been in the battalion two months before; all the rest had gone.

After that battle, the mud set in, and stopped all great movements of men and guns. Both sides dug and fortified the lines they were holding, and the war became an affair of siege, until the spring.

Then the enemy launched a third attack against us, which was by much the most dangerous attack of the early months of the war. He began this attack by an intense bombardment of the English and French lines near Ypres. Then, at nightfall, in the April evening, while this bombardment was at its height,

he let loose a great green cloud of chlorine gas, which floated across the No Man's Land to our lines. Wherever this gas reached the lines it choked the men dead, by a death which is unspeakably terrible, even for this war.

The men watched the gas coming. They thought that it was a smoke-screen or barrage, designed to hide the advance of enemy infantry. Suddenly they found the green cloud upon them, and their comrades choking and retching their lives away in every kind of agony. For a while there was a panic. The men in the front lines were either killed or put out of action. The communication trenches were filled with choking and gasping men, flying from the terror and dropping as they fled. Night was falling. It was nearly dark, and the whole area was under an intense enemy shell-fire. The line was broken on a front of four and a half miles; and for the time it seemed as though the whole front would go.

The gas had come just at the point where the French and the English armies joined each other; at a point, that is, where all words of command had to be given in several languages, and where any confusion was certain to be intensified tenfold; there were many Colonial and

native troops there, Turcos, Indians, Senegalese, Moroccans, as well as Canadians, French and English. All the troops there were shaken by this unexpected and terrible death, against which they had no guard.

Then a few officers, whose names, perhaps, we may never know, gathered together the stragglers and the panic-stricken, and called to them to put handkerchiefs and caps and rags of blankets and strips of shirt in front of their faces, and with these as respirators they marched the men back into that cloud of death, and though many were killed in the attempt, enough survived to hold the line, and so we were saved for the third time.

All nations use gas now, but that was the first time it was used. It is a very terrible thing. I have seen many men dying of it. It rots the lungs and the victims gasp away their lives. There is a saying, "If you sell your soul to the Devil, be sure you get a good price." The use of that gas was a selling of the soul, and yet the price gotten in exchange was nothing. They had our line broken with it and for weeks they could have beaten us by it. It was weeks before our men had proper respirators in any number. I do not know why they didn't

beat us then; nobody knows. Some think that it was because their General Staff did not trust their chemists.

Just at the time when the gas attack was preparing outside Ypres, a little army of the Allies was landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula, " to assist the passage of the fleets through the Dardanelles."

I have been asked about the Gallipoli campaign. People have complained to me that it was a blunder. I don't agree. It had to be undertaken; to keep Bulgaria quiet, to keep Greece from coming in against us, to protect Egypt and to draw the Turkish Army from the Caucasus, where Russia was hard pressed. People say, " Well, at least it was a blunder to attack in the way you did." I say that when we did attack, we attacked with the only men and the only weapons we had, and in the only possible places.

In war one has to attempt many things, not because they are wise or likely to succeed, but because they have to be done. In this war, we had to attempt them with insufficient means, because we were unprepared for war.

Consider what that attempt meant.

In the original scheme, the Russians were to

co-operate with us, by landing 40,000 men on the shores of the Bosphorus, so as to divert from us a large force of enemy soldiers. We brought our men 3,000 miles across the sea, and we said to them, in effect, "There are the Turks, entrenched, with machine guns and guns and shells. You have only rifles. We have no guns nor shells to give you. Now land on those mined beaches, and take those trenches. The Russians will help to some extent; it will not be so hard." So the men went ashore and took those trenches. Nine days after they were ashore, we learned that the Russians could not land any men on the Bosphorus, and that we were alone in the venture. And then we said to our survivors, "The Russians can't come to help you, after all. We have no guns nor shells to give you. We are so hard pressed in France that we can't send you any reinforcements. The enemy is entrenched with plenty of guns, and lots of shells, but you've got rifles, so go and take those trenches, too." So the men went and took them. Then we said, in effect, "Men and guns are needed in France, we can't send you any more just yet." So everything was delayed, till the men and guns were ready, and then, when they were ready, the

enemy was ready, too, and dysentery was raging and it was very hot, and there was little to drink, and it is a God forgotten land to fight in, so we did not win the Peninsula, nor anything else, except honor from thinking men.

I know that every man who was in Gallipoli, is and will be prouder of having been there, than of anything in his life, past, present, or to come. Our men kept a flag flying there to which the beaten men of all time will turn in trial.

As you know, in 1915, the war settled down into a struggle between opposing lines of trenches, with daily shelling and sniping and occasional raiding, mining and bombing. The next great attack was the attack on Verdun, when the enemy launched an army of specially fed, trained and rested soldiers, under a hail of shells, to break through the French lines. That attack lasted with little intermission for four months, and it did not break the line. It very nearly broke it, but not quite. Perhaps nothing can break the line of a free people sworn to hold the gates for freedom. Often in that fight, little bodies of French and German soldiers were shut off for days together by shellfire, men died from hunger and thirst in the

wreck of the forts, and those parties of French and Germans would count heads to see which side had won.

And while the attack was at its height, and while Verdun was still in danger, the English and French together counter-attacked in force on a line of 25 miles, further to the north, in the Department of the Somme, and beat the enemy out of his main position there. That put an end to the attack on Verdun. The battle of the Somme gave another use for the enemy's men and guns. The city was saved. And a great deal more than the city; for the battle of the Somme beat the enemy out of a strip of France 65 miles long by from 12 to 20 deep, where today the great battle of this war is being fought.

This Battle of the Somme was an attack upon some of the most elaborate field fortifications ever made. On the right of the attack, where the French attacked, much of the ground is flat, and without good defensive position, but on the left, where the English attacked, the ground is a succession of rolling chalk downland, rising some hundreds of feet above little valleys. On this rolling downland, the enemy had dug himself in, when he was strong and

we were weak. He had made himself so strong there, that he openly boasted that his position was impregnable. He had all the good positions there. His line was so placed, that it was almost always a little above us, and he worked to improve these positions night and day for nearly two years.

Perhaps not many here have seen a first rate enemy field fortification. I'll try to explain what the Somme position was like.

As you know, the main defence in a modern line is the front line system of trenches.

In front of his front line, the enemy had a very elaborate strong tangle of wire, about 4 feet high and 40 yards across, each wire as thick as a double rope yarn and with 16 barbs to the foot.

Hidden in this wire, under the ground, in converted shell holes, or in very cunningly contrived little pits, were stations for machine gunners. Some of these stations were connected with the enemy trenches by tunnels, so that the gunners could crawl to them under cover.

In some places, the ground of the wire entanglement was strewn with trip wire, so near the ground as to be invisible, yet high enough to catch the feet. In the trip wire were spikes

to transfix the men who caught in the trip wire and fell.

Behind the wire tangle were the enemy first line trenches.

These were immense works, designed as permanent field fortresses. They were always well made and well sited. In many important points of the line they were twelve feet deep, and strongly revetted with plank and wicker. At intervals of about 50 yards, in some parts of the line, were little concrete forts for observers and machine guns. These forts were so well concealed that they could not be seen from without. The slit for the observer or for the machine gun to fire through is very tiny, and well hidden in the mud of the trench parapet.

These forts were immensely strong, and very small. A man inside one could only be destroyed by the direct hit of a big shell or by the lucky chance of a bullet coming through the narrow slit. You must remember that one cool soldier with a machine gun has in his hands the concentrated destructive power of 40 or 50 rifle men.

In the wall of the trench parapets on this front line, at intervals of 30 to 40 yards, were

shafts of stairs leading down 20 or 30 feet into the earth. At the bottom of the shafts were great underground living rooms, each big enough to hold 50 or 100 men. In some places shafts led down another 20 feet below these living rooms to a second level or storey of dugouts.

These places were fairly safe in normal times, though apt to be foul and ill smelling. In bombardments the men kept below in the dugouts, out of danger from the shells, till the instant of the attack, when they could race up the stairs in time to man the fire step, and to get their machine guns into action. During the intense bombardments, the shafts and stairs were blown in, and a good many of the enemy were buried alive in these dugouts. Our men, when they had captured these trenches, usually preferred to sleep in the trenches, not in the dugouts, as they said that they would rather be killed outright than buried alive.

In some parts of the battlefield of the Somme, the ground is channelled with deep, steep-sided, narrow gullies in the chalk, sometimes 40 feet deep and only 40 feet across, like great natural trenches. Three of these gullies were made into enemy arsenals and bar-

racks of immense strength and capacity. These were, the tunnel at St. Pierre Divion, dug into the chalk, so that some thousands of men could live under ground within one-quarter mile of the front line, in perfect safety; the barracks at the Y Ravine, about a mile further north, and the barracks in Quarry Gulley, near the Y Ravine. In all these immense underground works, the enemy had elaborate homes, lit with electricity, hung with cretonne and panelled with wood. Little stairs led from these dwellings to neat machine gun posts overlooking the front line. In one of these elaborate underground dwellings there were cots for children and children's toys, and some lady's clothes. It was thought that the artillery general who lived there had had his family there for the week end.

Behind all these works, were support and reserve trenches of equal strength, often fully wired in, but with fewer dugouts. Then about a mile or two miles behind the front line, on a great crest or table of high chalk downland, was the second line, stronger than the front line, on even more difficult ground, where you cannot walk a yard without treading on dust of English blood.

Words cannot describe the strength of that

old fortified line. It was done with the greatest technical skill. If you went along it, you would notice here and there some little irregularity or strangeness, and then you would look about, till you could see what devilish purpose that little strangeness served. And there was always one. The little irregularity gave some little advantage, which might make all the difference in a battle. The little thing in war alters the destinies of nations. A grain of sand in the body of Napoleon altered the campaign of 1812. I know of one great and tragical battle in this war which was lost mainly through a sprained ankle.

Our old lines faced these great fortresses at a distance of about 200 yards. Our lines are nothing like the enemy lines. There were no deep dugouts. The wire was comparatively slight. The trenches were inferior. It looked as though the work of amateurs was pitted against the work of professionals. Yet the amateurs held the professionals.

When Lord Kitchener went to Gallipoli, he visited Anzac. At that time, life in Gallipoli was becoming anxious, because some 17-inch Skoda guns had been brought down by the Turks and were shelling the position. Our

men had dug some dugouts 10 or 15 feet deep to protect them from these shells. They showed them to Kitchener with pride. Kitchener said, "Of course, they may do for Gallipoli, but they aren't nearly deep enough for France. We never go down less than 30 feet in France."

So, when the Peninsula men came to France, they came with the modest feeling that they knew nothing about modern war, nor about digging dugouts, and they went into the trenches expecting to see dugouts like Egyptian catacombs. They found that the only dugouts were pieces of corrugated iron with a few sand bags on the top and some shovelsful of mud over all.

In places where the two lines approached each other at a crest, there had been a two years' struggle for the possession of the crest; for modern war is mainly a struggle for the post from which one can see. In all these places the space between the lines was a vast and ghastly succession of mine pits, fifty or a hundred feet deep, marked with the wrecks of old dugouts, and heads and hands and bodies, and sometimes half full of evil water.

Within the 16 mile limit of the English sector of the Somme field, there were in the enemy

front line 8 strongholds which the enemy boasted were impregnable.

The Battle of the Somme was the first real measuring of strength between the enemy and the English. In the early battles, the picked men of our race had met their picked men and held them. But the picked men were now dead, and the armies which fought on the Somme were the average mass of the race.

I must describe the Battle of the Somme. On the right, where the ground is flat and there is no real defensive position, the French caught the enemy by surprise, officers shaving in their dugouts, men at breakfast, gun teams going down to water. The French made a royal and victorious advance at once.

Our men attacking the strongholds where the enemy expected us, lost 50,000 men in the first day's fighting and took in that day, the first of the 8 impregnable forts.

I don't think you realize what the Battle of the Somme became. It went on for 8½ months of intense, bloody and bitter battles for small pieces of hill, for the sites of vanished villages,

for the stumps of blasted woods and the cellars of obliterated farms.

We got the second of the 8 impregnable forts on the fourth day, the third on the seventeenth day, the fourth and fifth on the seventy-sixth day, the sixth and strongest on the one hundred and twenty-eighth day, and the last two at the end.

I cannot tell you how bitter and bloody the fighting in that battle was. The fight for Delville Wood lasted for nearly two months, and in those two months, 400 shells fell every minute on Delville Wood, and not less than 300,000 men were killed and wounded there. That wood during the battle was a scene of death, bloodshed and smash such as cannot be imagined. You walked in the mud on the bones and the flesh of men and on fresh blood dripping out of stretchers. By the side of the track was a poor starved cat eating the brain of a man.

In High Wood they fought till the rags and bones of dead men hung from the wrecks of the trees. In Pozières, men lived for days and nights under a never ceasing barrage designed to blow them off the ridge which they had won. They were buried and unburied and reburied by

shells. There were 20,000 casualties on that ghastly table, and the shell-shock cases leaped and shook and twittered in every clearing station.

Twenty-thousand men were killed and wounded in the taking of the nest of machine guns in the subterranean fort of Mouquet Farm. Our men went down into the shafts of that fort and fought in the darkness under ground there, till the passages were all seamed with bullets.

We lost half a million men in that great battle, and we had our reward. For in the winter of 1917, in the winter night a great and shattering barrage raged up along the front. It was the barrage which covered the attack on Miraumont and drove the enemy from the Ancre Valley. The next day came the news that Serre had fallen, and we went up and stood in Serre. And Gommecourt fell, and the rain of shells ceased upon Loupart and La Barque, and the news ran along like wildfire, that the enemy was going back.

It was a soaking thaw after frost, and the roads, such roads as remained, were over ankle deep in mud, and our muddy army got up from the mud and went forward through it.

All the roads leading to the front were thronged by our army, battalion on battalion, division on division, guns and transport columns, camp kitchens, and artillery transport, going up in the mud after the enemy.

You could see them bringing the railway forward under fire, under heavy fire, along the Ancre Valley. They made the railway and the road side by side, with shells falling on them and the stink of gas blowing over them. And not a man died there, but died in exultation, knowing that over his death the army was passing to victory.

Today, as you know, the greatest battle of this war is being fought on that ground. And so far, as you know, our men have been hard pressed and driven back.

It is not easy to stand here, while there, over the sea, those men are standing in the mud, waiting for death to come to them.

It is no light thing to face death in a modern battle, to have been living in the mud, on scanty food, with no rest, in all the terror and filth, among the blood, the rags of flesh, the half buried bodies half eaten with rats, the crashing and screaming of shells, all the confusion of a stunt, and the cries for stretcher bearers. Only

two things are any help in the battlefield, courage and the comrade beside you.

And I know that there is no man in the French and English armies today, standing-to in the mud, waiting for death, who does not stand the steadier from the knowledge that this country stands behind him, and that the men of this country are in the line at his side.

We here are not helping in the fight; but we can help in the fight. We can build up behind those men a great wall of love and admiration and courage, so that they can feel it, and rest their backs against it when they are hard pressed.

It is as well to face the facts of the battle. We have lost a tract of France, and our old graveyards of the Somme, our huts and water-pipes, some guns and dumps of stores and a great many men.

Fortune is like that in war. When Cortes had burnt his ships, and was marching into Mexico, his men growled that they had a hard time, with little food and no rest and bloody fighting. And Cortes told them that they didn't come there to eat cakes of Utrera, but to take their luck as it came and their medicine

as it tasted. We came into this war on those terms; so did you.

I've no news to tell you and no comfort to give you. The enemy had more aeroplanes than we had, and hid his preparations from us. He made a big concentration of men and guns, and when the weather favoured him he put them in, with skill and courage, against that part of the line where there are no good natural defensive positions. He took the 5th army by surprise and drove it back. As it fell back, it uncovered the right of the 3rd army, which held the good defensive positions. The 3rd army had to bend back in conformity, till the two armies together reached some sort of a line which could be held. Then the enemy switched his divisions north, and put in his attack on Ypres.

He was able to do this, because his lateral communications, behind his lines, are better than ours. People may ask, in some surprise, "Why are they better?" They are better because the enemy has at his disposal a great body of slave labour which we have not. He has the enslaved populations of Belgium, North France and Poland to work for him.

Then, in all this fighting, our armies have been outnumbered by the enemy. We have had concentrated against us not less than two millions of the enemy. People have asked, in some surprise, "How comes it, that you have been outnumbered?"

We have been outnumbered, presumably because the Allied High Command has judged, that this is not the time for the fighting of the decisive battle of this war, and that the line must be held with comparatively few troops so that the reserves for the decisive battle may be as large as possible.

We must be patient, and wait for the counter, trusting the goodness of our cause.

But in thinking of British man-power you must remember that though all the belligerent countries have to reckon with three big armies, we have to reckon with seven. All belligerent countries have to reckon with their army of the living, their army of the wounded, and their army of the dead. We have to reckon all these, and our armies of the dead and wounded would alone mount up to nearly 2½ millions of men. But we have also to maintain four armies which the other belligerent countries do not have to have.

First, an army of defence, against invasion. This is a small army consisting mainly of elderly men and of lads in training. We have to maintain it; it may be necessary; and "it is better to be sure than sorry."

Then we have armies abroad in distant parts of this war, the army in Italy, the army in Salonika, and the big garrisons in India and Egypt which feed the armies in Mesopotamia and in Palestine. All of these armies and garrisons melt away continually in the fire of war, and everywhere on the roads to those armies, are the reinforcements and the drafts swallowing up more and yet more men.

In Gibraltar, and Malta and Alexandria and Port Said, you will see, every day, some ship filled with our men going out to death in those far fields, and you will see the men standing on the deck and cheering, as the ship draws away and leaves home and sweetness and pleasant life behind, for ever.

Then, besides these, we have the army of the sick. The great epidemical scourges of ancient armies have been nearly eliminated from this war; but we have been forced to maintain armies in distant outposts of this war, in Gallipoli, in Salonika, and in Mesopotamia

where the men have suffered much from tropical diseases, dysentery and malarial fever. We have some hundreds of thousands of men who have been weakened by these complaints; not wrecked by them, but so weakened that they cannot stand the life in the trenches.

And besides all those armies, we have a vast army of the very flower of our race, both men and women. It may consist of four or five millions of men and women who work in treble shifts, day and night, as they have worked for the last three years, making the things of war, not only for ourselves but for our Allies. Our Allies are not manufacturing people. Russia made few things, France's coal and steel are in the hands of the enemy, Italy makes few things. We have had to supply these people not only with equipment of all kinds, guns, clothing and shells, but with ships and coal. Not less than half a million men have done nothing in England since the war began but get and ship coal for the Allies. They have sent not less than 60 million tons of coal to the Allies since the war began.

Then a part of that army builds ships, and ever more ships, and yet never enough ships for

the needs of this great war and for the supply of our friends.

The enemy spreads abroad lies concerning us. I am not going to answer them. Lies do not last long.

There is no need to lie about a people. Still less is there any need to lay claim to this or that glory. No nation is so bad that it has not something very good in it; and none so glorious that it has not some taint of self.

And I'm not here to sing my country's praises. No one will do that. Patriotism, as I see it, is not a fine drawing of the sword, behind some winged and glittering Victory. It is nothing at all of all that. It is a very sad thing and a very deep thing and a very stern thing.

St. George did not go out against the dragon like that divine calm youth in Carpaccio's picture, nor like that divine calm man in Donatello's statue. He went out, I think, after some taste of defeat, knowing that it was going to be bad, and that the dragon would breathe fire and that very likely his spear would break and that he wouldn't see his children again and people would call him a fool. He went out, I think, as the battalions of our men went out,

a little trembling and a little sick and not knowing much about it, except that it had to be done, and then stood up to the dragon in the mud of that far land, and waited for him to come on.

I know what England was, before the war. She was a nation which had outgrown her machine, a nation which had forgotten her soul, a nation which had destroyed Jerusalem among her dark Satanic mills.

And then, at a day's notice, at the blowing of a horn, at the cry from a little people in distress, all that was changed, and she re-made her machine, and she remembered her soul, which was the soul of St. George who fought the dragon, and she cried, "I will rebuild Jerusalem in this green and pleasant land or die in the attempt."

Don't think that this was due to this or that man, to Kitchener, or to another, or to another. It was due to something kindling and alive in the nation's soul.

When I first went to the Somme, it was on the day we took Martinpuich and Flers. And on my way up, I passed a battalion going in. They were being played up by the band, to the tune of "It's a long, long trail awinding to the

land of my dreams." It wasn't a long trail, nor a winding trail to most of those men, but only a few miles of a quite straight road to le Sars, where I found their graves afterwards.

That tune is perhaps the favourite tune of the army today. The army knows that it is a long, long trail, and a winding one, to the land of our dreams.

And if in this war it has seemed, that we have done little, if it has seemed, that we retreated at Mons, and only just held at Ypres, and withdrew from Gallipoli, and stood still at Salonika, and were driven back at St. Quentin and are hard pressed on the Ridge, I think you somehow feel, that with it all, no matter how long the trail is, nor how winding, nor how bitter nor how bloody, we'll stick it, as long as we've a light to go by, even if we're not so clever as some, nor so attractive.

And what is the land of our dreams? We must think of that.

In the Bible there is the story of King David, who was a very generous and very bloody yet very noble man. And David, besieging a city in the summer, was faint from thirst, and he said, "I wish I had some of the water from that pool by the city gate." And three men

heard him and they took bottles and broke through the enemy pickets and filled their bottles and brought the water to David. But David would not drink water brought to him at such risk. He said, it would be like drinking blood; so he poured it out to his God.

The men of those armies in the mud are bringing us water at the risk of their lives, the living water of peace, that peace which I think will be the peace that passes all understanding, peace to have our lives again and do our work again and be with our loves again. But if we go back to the world of before the war, that peace won't serve us, it will be a drinking of the blood of all those millions of young men.

I said some time ago, that the only things which matter in war are courage and the love of your comrades. When this war ends, we shall need all our courage and all our comrades, in that re-making of the world, which will follow this destruction. And I hope that when that time comes, you will not think of us again, as cold, or contemptuous, or oppressive, but as a race of men who went down to the death for a friend in trouble, as St. George did, on this day, so many centuries ago.

And in the light of that adventure I hope

that we may stand together to remake this broken world, a little nearer to the heart's desire.

THE WAR AND THE FUTURE

A Lecture Given in America
January–May, 1918

I HAVE been sent to you, to speak about the war, and about the future, after the war.

You know more than I do about the future. No one can doubt that this country holds the future. I will try to tell you about the war. I've seen it close to, and I've seen its results.

English people who know America, and who have a pride in the fair fame of England, know, that in the old days, we did this country a great wrong. I, here, am very conscious of that. The best thing I can say of that past is that it is the past. We are now associates in a great work which is a forgetting and a putting by of the past, in an effort to make the future.

Whatever this war is, it is a getting rid of the past. The past has gone into the bonfire. We are all in the war now, realizing with more or less surprise and shock and bitterness, that the old delights, the old ideals, the old way of

life, with its comfortable loves and hatreds, are gone. We have to remake our lives, forget our old hatreds and learn new ones, and ask ourselves the question: "What kind of a new world am I going to help make?"

This war came gradually to you. You were, as we were, not expecting war, seeing the threat and the preparation of war, but believing, just as we believed, that commonsense, or ordinary human sense, and one-thousandth part of goodwill in human intercourse would make war impossible. War to you, as to us, seemed to be out of date in a century which cut the Panama Canal and discovered Radium and the wireless telegraph. But it came none the less, and all our ten millions of adults had suddenly to put by their old lives and take on new and dangerous and terrible lives. Now the same thing has happened to you.

When the threat of this war came suddenly to Europe we had nothing to gain by war, except our own soul. That is a big exception. Short of that, we risked everything to keep the peace, as our friends complained, and our enemies agreed.

When the war came to us, and the enemy Ambassador was leaving England, a friend of

mine went to say good-bye to him. My friend said to him: "I hope you think that we did our best to prevent this war?" The Ambassador said: "You have done everything that mortals could to prevent the war."

Now the years before the war were very anxious years to every one. The threat of war hung over every nation in Europe, and every nation in Europe felt and said and wrote that the threat of war was a German threat. The Germans themselves were frank about it. I often used to see German students and German professors in England. They used to say, quite openly, "Our next war will be with England." After the Hague Conference nine years ago, the English delegate said to me that the attitude of Germany could only be explained on the supposition that she meant to have a war. Germany was like an athlete trained to the minute; she was spoiling for a scrap. When boxers are trained to the minute, it is said that their friends always prefer to walk behind them, for when a boxer who is very fit and spoiling for a scrap sees a nice chin the temptation to hit that chin is sometimes more than he can bear.

In the summer of 1914, the European chins

looked too tempting to Germany, and she hit out at them. The results are before us.

This war employs all the strength and all the talent of the nations waging it. One of the weapons used by our enemies has been that of lying. They have spread abroad lies about us, which many repeat and some few, perhaps, believe. I wish here to state and answer some of those lies.

Firstly: that we are a decadent people, intent on sports and money-making, and without ideals or any sense of serving the state.

The answer to that is that in England and Scotland alone five million four hundred thousand of our men enlisted as volunteers to fight for our ideals, without compulsion of any kind, while three million more who tried to enlist were rejected as too old, or physically unfit, or needed in other work. That was before we had conscription.

Secondly: that we are a cowardly people, who let other people fight for us.

The answer to that is that had we been a cowardly people we should not have gone to war; but we did; we came into this war and have lost in this war something like two and one-half millions of our best men killed,

wounded and missing, and this without counting the losses of the men of our Colonies.

Thirdly: That we are a mean people, who do not take our fair share in the war.

The answer to that is, that we hold one-third of the line in France, much of the line in Italy, nearly all the line in Serbia, all the line in Palestine and Mesopotamia, and all the line on the vast colonial fronts in Africa. We supply or have supplied France, Italy, Serbia, Belgium, Roumania and Russia with millions of tons of equipment of all sorts, guns, shells, uniforms, boots and machines, in all amounting to 3,000 million dollars worth. We feed and clothe and always have fed and clothed since the war began the greater part of the population of Belgium and practically the whole of the population of Serbia. Besides our contributions of men and guns, we have immense hospital organizations working in Russia, in Italy, in Roumania, and with the French. We have had the greater part of the policing of the seas to do, and practically all the submarine hunting. The sea is not an easy place to patrol, and the submarine is not an easy thing to catch, but not much German trade has been done by sea since the war, and not many raiders have got through

our guards and we have sunk (I believe) not less than ten times as many submarines as the enemy had at the beginning of the war. We have built ships to make our navy at least half as strong again as it was before the war. We have caused to be made and transported 25,000,000 tons of shells, and we have conveyed to and from different parts of the globe, as soldiers going and coming, well, sick or wounded, some 13,000,000 men. Our policing of the sea has been so done that we have lost by enemy action 2,700 of these 13,000,000 travelling soldiers.

Then in money, we have spent on this war five billion five hundred million dollars, of which rather more than one-fifth has been loaned or given to our Allies.

People sometimes say a fourth lie about us: — that we are a grasping people who will profit by this war.

Let me say this, that no one will profit from this war. We in Europe will be beggared by it for years to come; only we want the world to profit by it, by a change of heart, by an understanding among the nations, and by the knowledge which we in Europe needed this war to teach us, that human life is the precious thing

on this earth, and that we are here truly linked man to man, and not divided up nation by nation. We are one body of humanity.

There is a fifth lie, that we are a greedy people, who ask you Americans to starve, while we feast on white bread and other delicacies. The answer to that is, that no white bread has been made in England for at least eighteen months, and that there is no feasting there. There is no home in all that land that is not the sadder for this war.

There is no need to lie about a nation any more than there is any need to lie about a man. The truth emerges above any lie.

I know my nation's faults as well as I know my own. They are the faults of a set and of a system. They are faults of head, they are not faults of heart. When I think of those faults I think of a long graveyard in France, a hundred miles long, where simple, good, kind, ignorant Englishmen by the thousand and the hundred thousand lie in every attitude of rest and agony, for ever and for ever and for ever. They did not know where Belgium is, nor what Germany is, nor even what England is. They were told that a great country had taken a little country by the throat, and that it was up to

them to help, and they went out by the hundred and the hundred thousand, and by the million, on that word alone, and they stayed there, in the mud, to help that little country, till they were killed.

I've been along many miles of that old line, and seen those graves, many of them not even marked, except by a bayonet, or a bit of packing case, and I've thought, as I went along, what epitaph could be put above that unending graveyard, and I could only think of one epitaph, *"These men came here of their own free will to help their fellow men in trouble."*

There comes the question, what is the war about? Each nation has its answer to that question, an answer that could be put into twenty words. But in each country, for many years before the war, millions of prejudices, and beliefs, and customs, and ignorances, and blindnesses, and memories, went to make the war. The question, what it is about, does not now so deeply matter, as the question, what the struggle is, now that it is in full swing.

It is a struggle between two conceptions of life, the soldier's and the civilian's. Both conceptions have existed ever since the world began. Much may be said for both.

The soldier says, in theory, "Men are not of much account; it is the man who matters. The man must have power over other men and be able to direct them as he chooses and punish them if they disobey; since men need a strong hand. A State can only be strong if it is so organized as to be obedient within and feared without. Every man within the State owes service to the State, he must be trained to defend it and fight for it. All men of a certain wealth and standing must be officers; the rest are and must be cannon fodder. The citizens must have good roads fit for the movement of troops, adequate food and housing, a thorough military training and as much schooling as may be good for soldiers." Punctuality, hard work, and cleanliness are made much of; merit of certain kinds is certain of its reward, the citizens are ticketed, looked after, used and pensioned. They are not encouraged to think for themselves nor permitted to break the regulations. Napoleon in France and T'chaka in Zululand both created soldier states in the last century.

The civilian says, in effect, "It is true, that in case of need every man must be ready to fight for his State, and should be trained so that

he may do so, but war is not a normal condition, it is an accident which may not occur, and the direction of the State by soldiers is apt to create a privileged class, who will enslave the remainder of the citizens for their own ends, which may be base and probably will be cruel, and which may and very likely will bring about that state of war which they are created to prevent." So that, in the civilian state, the army is made small, and interferences with personal liberty are bitterly resented and swiftly opposed. The occupation of the civilian state is generally commerce. Its relaxation or amusement is generally the adornment of the individual life, with the arts and sciences which enrich life and make it pleasant. The general feeling is, that men were not meant to be the slaves of other men nor of human systems; but to develop themselves in as loose, easy and pleasant an organization as a nation can be without collapsing.

Those are the two theories and ways of life, both have been tried and both will work, and both have left great marks in history.

But in working, both are open to grave defects. No nation is perfect, and no system of living will suit all the people all the time; and

these ways of life, if persisted in by any nation for three or four generations, intensify themselves, till, in the military state there is too much control and in the civilian state too little.

In the civilian state, where much is left to the individual, much is left undone. Many individuals grow up to be highly educated, pleasant and agreeable men, but more grow up with the feeling that there is nothing to stop them from exploiting their fellow citizens, and this they do quite as ruthlessly as any soldier, and with far less recompense. The soldier may drive his men, but he feeds, clothes and pensions them. The civilian may drive his men and scrap them as old tools when he has broken them. Very soon, in the civilian state, individualism comes to a point in which the service of the State is left to those who care for that kind of thing. Those who do care for that kind of thing find that the fear of interference with liberty, which is the main passion in a civilian state, has prevented them from having any power. They can do neither good nor evil, and so they stagnate. They cease to attract the finer and more active kinds of mind. So that in a civilian state though you may find culture, politeness, niceness of feeling, enlighten-

ment, and a wise protection of the individual against certain aggressions by King and State, and a great commerce, strongly protected, you may also find the man of action discountenanced, and the talker in power in his stead.

In the military state, the soldier justifies himself to his subjects by some act which rids the State of a danger or enriches it with a piece of plunder, so that he is able to say, " You see, the Army saved you or enriched you. You see that you must have an Army." When the army is enlarged, he attacks another State and enriches his own State still further; definitely enriches his officers with gifts of other people's property and his surviving men with bits of other people's lands, and at the same time increases his army by conscripting the conquered peoples.

Presently he forgets that the State is anything except himself. He cries out that the State is himself, since he is the head of the Army and the Army is the State. He subordinates everything to the army. He tolerates schools only in so far as they teach military maxims, and women only because they produce cannon fodder. He encourages bad manners in his officers, because he thinks that it teaches

them to dominate; he preaches about duty and his own magnificence in his churches and schools, because he thinks that it teaches people to obey. And at last, when his entire State does obey, and all his officers have bad manners, and a desire to dominate everybody, he has in his hands a terrible instrument of destruction which may be launched anywhere at his caprice. He is that irresponsible autocratic power who has been the main cause of war for twenty centuries.

But for the fact that all the power and blind obedience of a nation may be flung anywhere at the caprice of one man, there is much to be said for the military state. But that fact damns it, and the world has never allowed it to continue. The gunman who may be drunk or mad or savage at any minute is too dangerous to be allowed in the house. Rome, who had nobly held the idea of law, became that kind of State and fell. France, who had nobly held the idea of liberty, became that kind of State, and fell; and the savage Zulus, who made themselves a people and then an exterminating scourge also fell; and I feel that a grosser people, who have upheld neither law nor liberty, but have become exterminating scourges, will also fall. We

civilian peoples, flouted, insulted, and taken unawares, are banded together to make that conception of life to fall.

Last April I was in a dirty little town in France. On my right there was a ruined factory containing a pile of smashed sewing machines, on my left there was a casualty clearing station, in what had once been a rather nice house. Just outside the hospital there was a little old French woman selling newspapers; and dozens of soldiers were buying newspapers and talking about the news. One of the soldiers shouted out, "Hooray, America has declared war," and another, who was older and more thoughtful, said, "Thank God, now we may have a decent world again."

War in one way is very like Mrs. MacGregor.

The poet Swinburne, when he was a young man, was very fond of impassioned conversation and of whisky. One night he met a friend, and suggested that the friend should come to his lodgings for a talk. On their way Swinburne bought a bottle of whisky and with an air of satanic cunning hid it in his tail pocket, and said, "I must be very careful; my landlady is a very troublesome woman." When they

reached the door Swinburne said, "We must go in very quietly; my landlady is a very troublesome woman." They opened the door and crept in on tiptoe, and were just creeping upstairs, when a door opened and a stern voice said, "Is that you, Mr. Swinburrrrrne?" "Yes, Mrs. MacGregor," said Swinburne. Then the voice said, "Whattan is yon wee bottle in yeir bit pocket, Mr. Swinburrrne?" "O," said Swinburne, "it's my cough-mixture, Mrs. MacGregor; I'm afraid I've caught cold." "Cough-mixture me nae cough-mixture," said Mrs. MacGregor; "yon is a bottle of whuskey. And ye'll give it heer, Mr. Swinburrrne. Didn't I promise yeir father ye shuld na touch the whuskey?" And she grabbed the bottle and disappeared, and Swinburne was left wringing his hands and saying, "She's a very troublesome woman."

That is a light story, but it reminds me of the war. Many and many a gathering of friends has been interrupted by that savage goddess. All over Europe, quiet, gentle, ordinary men, who were going, as they thought, to the enjoyment of delight, have been seized upon and robbed by her, not only of material things, but of love and leisure and of life itself.

There is a story of a young king of India, who became a leper whom no one could cure. An old man told him that if he went to a certain city and ate bread in a house where there was no sorrow, he would be cured. So he went to the city, and went into every house, but there was no house that had no sorrow, so he was not cured. "There was no house that had not one dead."

There is no house, poor or rich, in any of the countries now fighting in Europe that has not one dead, generally some quite young man.

Many great minds have brooded over war; most of the great minds of the world have taken part in war, and some have tried to understand it. No great mind has ever looked upon it as a good thing, though they see that sometimes in life outrageous, devilish evil can be checked in no other way. To most of them, Homer, Euripides, Shakespeare, Tolstoi, it is nearly the last, greatest and completest evil that can come into human life.

You all know how a fever comes upon the body. Poison must be introduced into it from outside, some living poison of germs; the body

must be predisposed to nurture the poison; it must be a little overstrained, restless, tired, bored, cross, or out of sorts. The natural guards of the body must be unable to help. Then the poison germs take hold and the normal life of the man ceases. He becomes a raging incoherent maniac terrible to himself and a danger to all about him, till the poison is at its height and has worked itself out in death or recovery.

Well, you will agree with me perhaps that war comes into the world, in much such a way. The body of a nation does not want it, though it may think about it often and much, the body of a nation is normally busy with its own life. Then, in times of overstrain, of restlessness, or of excitement, or even of busy and pleasant well-being, the poison is introduced, wilfully, by kings and their ministers, and the nation sickens.

The symptoms are always the same. The infected nation becomes, first of all, arrogant. It gets what we call swelled-head. It thinks itself, possibly with reason, the finest nation in the world. As the poison takes hold and the germs multiply, this arrogance leads to a spiritual blindness to whatever may be good or

right in any other nation in the world. This blindness leads to an indifference to whatever any other nation may do or care. This indifference leads to the bloody theory, that it is a duty to subjugate any other nation. And at this point, the poison boils over in the system, the nation involved runs up a temperature, and it passes rapidly from acts of injustice to some culminating act of impiety, such as cannot be permitted, and against which a protest has to be made by the outraged world.

Then comes war, which goes on, like a fever, till the nation is dead or cured.

That may not be how all wars begin, but that is how the greatest and longest and most evil wars have begun, in modern times. A nation has caught a fever, run up a temperature, gone mad and bitten, been a danger and a scourge to the world, and has gradually sickened itself out into exhaustion, peace and wisdom. Spain had such a fever three hundred years ago, when her motto was the proud boast, "The world does not suffice for us." France had such a fever a century later. England had such a fever when she forced this country into the Rebellion.

In all three countries, there was just that

same irresponsible autocratic power to cultivate the fever for his own ends. And who held that power? The immense power and wealth of Spain were controlled by Phillip the Second, one old, miserly, stubborn dotard, a sort of a religious mule. The immense and ordered power of France was controlled by Louis Quatorze, one little man who wore high-heeled shoes and an immense wig to give himself some air of greatness. Afterwards it was held by Napoleon, of whom the French now say that he was as great as any man can be without principles. And who held the power of England? The elderly, pear-headed, self-willed German, often mad and always stupid, who wondered how the apple got inside the dumpling. And working with him were the few, corrupt and evil families engaged in the enslavement of the English poor.

Such were the four irresponsible autocrats who caused the greatest, longest and most evil wars of the past. But all the fever of their wars, multiplied ten-fold, would be as nothing to the fever of arrogance, blindness, wild and bloody thinking, and impious dealing, with which another irresponsible autocrat prepared the present war. No former autocrat took

such pains to organize armed force, and to make the evil blood in his nation to run so hotly. No former autocrat had such skill or such clever servants to prepare and direct the outburst. And no former autocrat has reaped such a crop of bloodshed, massacre and destruction.

I'm not here to abuse our present enemies. We are against them today, but we have been with them in the past and we shall have to be with them in the future, if there is to be any future. In this life, collections of men behave worse than individuals, and it is the thought, and the way of life and the irresponsible autocrat that make them behave worse, that are the evil things. This war might have been averted, but that that one irresponsible autocrat was afraid of democracy. Consider what he has let loose upon the world. Consider, too, what he has raised against him.

A few minutes ago, I said that the greatest minds among men looked upon war as nearly (but not quite) the last, greatest and completest evil that can come into human life. Nearly, but not quite. There is one completer evil, that of letting proud, bloody and devilish men to rule this world. While proud, bloody and

devilish men strike for power here, free men, who had rather die than serve them, will strike against them. And evil as war is, that resolve of the free soul is beautiful. It is in that resolve that we free peoples are banded, and it is in that resolve that we shall fight, till the proud, bloody and devilish idea is gone.

All of you here have read about this war daily for more than three years. All of you know some one who is taking part in it, and all of you have in your minds some picture of what it is like. The population of these States is said to be nearly a hundred millions. Not less than twenty-five millions of men, or the equivalent of the entire adult male population of these States are or have been engaged in the fighting of this war, and not less than another forty millions are engaged in the making the fighting possible, by the making of arms, equipment and munitions. Then besides those millions there are ten million dead, and twenty million maimed, disabled, blinded or lunatic soldiers who will never fight again.

You begin to meet the war many miles from any part of the fighting. You come upon a village of little huts near a railway siding. A month later you find that the village has become

a town. A month later you find that the town has become a city. In that city the picked intellect of your country uses the picked knowledge of the universe to make the picked devilry of this war, some gas that will be deadlier than the other man's, some shell that will kill over a bigger area, some bomb that will go off with a louder bang and blast a bigger hole in a town.

You go elsewhere, and you see miles of chimneys spouting fire, where every known force is pressing every known metal into every known kind of engine of death.

You see the nimblest brains and hands and all the finest courage perfecting our control of the air. You see men gathering and packing food, breaking stones for roads and shaping sleepers for railways. You see men by the million about whom nobody cared, in the old days, in peace, suddenly taken up, and fed and clad and taught, and made much of. You see horses and cars by the hundred thousand, and everything that is swift and strong and clever and destructive, suddenly important and desired and of great account. You see the toil of a nation suddenly intensified sevenfold, and made acute, and better paid than it ever was, and intellect, the searching intellect, that light

of the mind which brings us out of the mud, suddenly sought for in the street. And you think, "Is man awaking suddenly to his heritage, and to the knowledge of what life may be here?" Then you say to yourself, "No, this is all due to the war."

You see young men giving up their hopes, and mature men their attainments, and women losing their sons, their husbands and their chance of husbands, and children losing their fathers and their chances of life, and you ask, what earthly endeavour can cause all this sacrifice, into what kind of a hopper is it all being fed? It is being fed into the war.

The war is spread over a tract as big as these States. In many places the tide of war has passed and repassed several times, till the dwellers in those places have died of starvation, or been carried away into slavery. In the East, you can walk for miles along roads peopled with mad, starving and dying men and women; there are heaps of little bones all along the roads. They are all little bones. They are the little bones of little children who have died of starvation there. All the bigger bones have been taken by the enemy to make artificial manure.

In the West, there is a strip of land about four hundred and fifty miles long, by from ten to twenty broad. It is called the Army Zone. With the exception of a few poor people who sell little things, such as fruit and tobacco, to the soldiers, all the inhabitants of that zone are gone. The place is inhabited by the armies. The business there is destruction, and rest, after destruction, so that the destroyers may destroy again.

All that strip of France and Flanders was once happily at peace. All of it was rich and prosperous, with corn and wine and industry. Even the mountains were covered with timber. Today, after the manhood of four nations has fought over it for three and a half years it is a sight which no man can describe.

If one could look down upon that strip from above, it would look like a broad ribbon laid across France. The normal colour of a countryside is green, and green country would appear on both sides of the strip. At the edges however the green would lose its brightness, it would look dull and rather mottled; further from the edges it would look still duller, and in the centre of the strip no trace of green would

show, it would all be dark except that the darkness would glitter in many places with little flashes of fire.

And if one comes to that strip by any of the roads which lead to it, one sees, at first, simply the normal French landscape, which is tidy, well-cultivated land, on a big scale, with little neat woods and little, compact villages. One notices that many houses are closed, and that very few men are about. Presently one comes to a village, where one or two of the houses are roofless, and perhaps the church tower has a hole in it. And if you ask, you hear, "No, the enemy never got so far as here, but they shelled it." A little further on, you come to a village where every other house is a burnt-out shell, all down the street. And if you ask how this came about, that every other house should be destroyed, you hear, "O, the enemy occupied this place and burnt every other house for punishment." And if you ask, punishment for what? You hear, "O, some of the enemy got drunk here and fired at each other, and they said we did it, so they shot the Maire and burnt every other house."

Then, a little further on, you come to a village where there are no roofs nor any big part

of a house, but heaps of brick and stone much blackened with fire, and on both sides of the road you see gashes and heapings of the earth and a great many stakes supporting barbed wire, and a general mess and litter as though there had been a fair there in rather rainy weather. And if you ask about this, they say, "Ah, this is where our old support line ran, just along here, and just under the church in what used to be the charnel-house, we had the snuggest little dug-out that ever was."

Then if you go on, you come to a landscape where there is no visible living thing; nothing but a blasted bedevilled sea of mud, gouged into great holes and gashed into great trenches, and blown into immense pits, and all littered and heaped with broken iron, and broken leather, and rags and boots and jars and tins, and old barbed wire by the ton and unexploded shells and bombs by the hundred ton, and where there is no building and no road, and no tree and no grass, nothing but desolation and mud and death.

And if you ask, "Is this Hell?" They say, "No, this is the market place where we are standing. The church is that lump to the right." Then if you look down you see that

the ground, though full of holes, is littered with little bits of brick, and you realize that you are standing in a town.

If you go on a little further, you notice that the mud is a little fresher. You come to a deafening noise, which bursts in a succession of shattering crashes, followed by long wailing shrieks, partly like gigantic cats making love, and partly as though the sky were linen being ripped across. The noise makes you sick and dizzy.

If you go on a little further you come to a place where the ground is being whirled aloft in clods and shards, amid clouds of dust and smoke and powdered brick. Screaming shells pass over you or crash beside you, and you realize then that you are at the front. Like Voltaire, you say, " I am among men, because they are fighting. I am among civilized men because they are doing it so savagely." And when the smoke and dust of the shells clear away, you see no men, civilized or savage, nothing but a vast expanse of mud, with a dead mule or two, and great black and white devils of smoke where shells are bursting.

In parts of that strip of France, especially in the broadest part, you come upon places

where the ground is almost unmarked with shell-fire. There are no traces of fighting, no graves, no litter of broken men or broken equipment, the fields are green and there is no noise of war. Yet all the houses are ruined; they have been gutted, their roofs have been blown off or their fronts pulled out, and in their streets you will sometimes see vast collections of pots, pans, desks, tables, chairs, pictures, all smashed, evidently wantonly smashed; men have evidently defaced them, cut, burnt, and banged them. And you notice that for miles of that country all the best of the trees, especially the fruit trees, have been cut down, not for firewood, for they are all there, with their heads in the mud, but for wanton devilry.

And if you ask about this, you will hear — "O, no; there was no fighting here, but this is the ground the enemy couldn't hold. When he lost the ground to the north, he had to retreat from here in a hurry, but he showed his spite first. First he took away the few remaining boys and girls to work for him at making shells or digging trenches. Then they went from house to house and collected all the furniture and property into the central place of the town; then all that was good or valuable or

not too bulky was taken by enemy soldiers, officers as well as men, as prize of war, and sent home to their homes. But all the rest, the things too bulky to pack, were deliberately smashed, defiled and broken, and the fruit trees were systematically killed."

I was in one such town in France last March the day after the enemy left it, and I went into one poor man's garden no bigger than this platform. Five or six little flowering plants had been pulled up by the roots. One little plum-tree and two currant bushes had been cut through, and the wall parting this garden from its neighbour had been thrown down. All the wells in this district were poisoned by the enemy before he left. He referred to this in his Orders as being " according to modern theories of war."

Over all that area of the Army Zone, the business of the inhabitants is destruction; they rest not day nor night, not even fog nor snow will stop them. I have watched a raging battle in a snowstorm, and one of our neatest successes was made in a fog. And at night the darkness is lit with starshells, beautiful coloured rockets, flares, searchlights and magnesiums, so that the killing may go on.

You may wonder what kind of a life is lived under such conditions.

I can only say that it is a very attractive kind of life, and that most men who leave it want to go back to it, and few men who have lived that kind of life find it easy to settle down to another. And you will see men at their very best under those conditions. You will find them far more thoughtful of each other; far more generous and self-sacrificing than you will ever see them in time of peace. You will be among men who will die for you without a moment's thought or an instant's hesitation, and who will share their last food or drink with you. You will see dying men giving up their last breath to comfort some other wounded man who may be suffering more at the moment. And living among those men, sharing their hardships and their dangers, you will realize to the full the sense of brotherhood and the unity of life which are among the deepest feelings which can come to men. You will realize the gaiety, the courage and the heroism of the mind of man, and you will realize how deeply you love your fellows.

A British officer has defined the life at the front as "damned dull, damned dirty and

damned dangerous." It is dull, because you stand in a gash in the earth behind some barbed wire and look through a thing called periscope at some more barbed wire two hundred yards away, beyond which, somewhere, is the enemy, whom you hardly ever see. Then when you have stood in the trench for a time, you are put to do some digging, and when you have done the digging you are put to dig something else, and when you have done that digging you are put to dig something else. And when you have finished digging for the time, you are put to carrying something heavy and awkward, and when you have carried that, you are given something else to carry, and when you have carried that, you are given something else to carry, and the next morning there will be plenty of other things to carry. The work of soldiers today is not so much fighting, as digging trenches and roads and railways and wells. When they have finished digging, they have to carry up the heavy and awkward things needed at the front lines. Marshal Joffre said that this war is a war of carriers. The Battle of the Marne was won by us because the enemy carriers failed, and Verdun was saved to us because the French carriers did not fail. All the

things needed in the front line are heavy and awkward to carry, and all have to be carried up, on the shoulders of men. The image left on the minds of most men by this war is not an image of fighting, nor of men standing in the trenches, nor of attacks, nor even of the gunners at the guns; it is the image of little parties of men plodding along in single file through the mud, carrying up the things needed in the front trenches; barbed wire, trench gratings, trench pumps, machine guns, machine gun ammunition, bombs, Stokes shells, tins of bully beef and tins of water. And by the sides of the gratings which make the roads near the front you will see the graves of hundreds of men who have lost their lives in carrying up these things.

And when it rains, as it has rained for weeks together on the Western front during the last three years, that task of carrying becomes infinitely more terrible to the men than standing in the trenches to be killed or wounded. All that shot up field becomes a vast and waveless sea of mud. That mud has to be seen to be believed, it cannot be described. It is more dangerous than any quicksand. I have seen men and horses stuck in it, being pulled out with ropes. I have seen soldiers standing in

it up to the waist, fast asleep, and I daresay you have seen that picture of the two soldiers standing in it up to the chin, one of them saying to the other: "If we stay here much longer we shall be submarined." There is nothing like this mud for breaking men's hearts. Any soldier on the Western front will tell you that the mud is the real enemy. The task of carrying up supplies across that mud, becomes by much the most difficult task which soldiers are called upon to do.

In spite of the danger and the occasional mud, the life at the front is lived with cheerfulness. There is much joking, though many of the jokes are about death and the dead. Very strange and romantic things happen continually, and there are strange escapes. I have not seen any escape quite so wonderful as that escape vouched for during your Civil War. The story goes that a soldier was sitting on the ground eating his supper. Between two mouthfuls he suddenly leaped into the air. While he was in the air, so the story goes, a cannon ball struck the ground where he had been sitting. He could not explain afterwards why it was that he jumped. I daresay that story is true. I have not seen anything quite so wonderful as

that, but I know of one very wonderful escape, in Gallipoli. A little party of friends sat together at their dugout door, watching the men swimming on the beach under fire. The beach was continually under fire, but it was no more dangerous than the dry land, and as swimming was the only possible relaxation for the troops, they were allowed to swim. While they watched the swimmers, these friends saw a solitary soldier go into a dugout (some distance down the hill) and draw the sacking which served as a door. Evidently he was settling in for his siesta. About ten minutes later a big Turkish shell came over. There were three big Turkish guns which used to shell the beach. They were known as Beachy Bill, Asiatic Annie, and Lousie Liza. A shell from one of these guns pitched (apparently) right onto the dugout into which this man had gone, and burst. The friends waited for a minute to see if another shell were coming near the same place, but the next shell pitched into the sea. They then went down to see if they could be of any service, though they expected to find the man blown to pieces. As they drew near to the wreck of the dugout, a perfectly naked man emerged, swearing. What had happened was

this. He had gone into the dugout, had taken off all his clothes because it was very hot, and had lain down on his bed, which was a raised bank of earth, perhaps three feet above the level of the floor. The shell had come through the roof, had gone into the floor of the dugout, had dug a hole ten feet deep and had then burst. The hole and the raised bank of earth together had protected the man from the concussion and from the chunks of shell. He himself was not touched. Everything which he possessed was blown into little flinders, and he was swearing because his afternoon sleep had been disturbed.

In the same place, in Gallipoli, the day after the landing, the 26th of April, 1915, an Australian Captain was with his platoon of men in a trench up the hill. An Australian Major suddenly appeared to this Captain and said: "Don't let your men fire to their front during the next half hour. An Indian working party has just gone up to your front, you will be hitting some of them." The Captain was a little puzzled at this, because he had seen no Indian working party, so he looked at the Major, and noticed that the Major's shoulder strap bore the number 31. That puzzled him, because

he knew that only eighteen Australian battalions had landed on the Peninsula — Numbers one to eighteen — and he did not understand what a member of the thirty-first battalion could be doing there. So he looked hard at this Major and said: "Say, are you Fair Dinkum?" That is an Australian slang phrase which means, "Are you the genuine thing? Are you quite all that you pretend to be?" The Major said: "Yes, I'm Major Fair Dinkum."

At the inquest on Major Dinkum, they found that he had taken the uniform from a dead Major of the thirteenth battalion, and had been afraid to wear it just as it was, for fear of being challenged, so he had reversed the numbers on the shoulder straps, and made them thirty-one. The inquest found that he died from lead in the head.

A branch of the service which is very little recognized but exceedingly dangerous is that branch of the messengers who carry messages and carrier pigeons and telephone wires during an attack. One of the most difficult things in modern war is to let your own side know exactly how far an attack has progressed. You send back messengers and the messengers are

killed. You run out telephone wires and the wires are cut, as fast as they are laid, by shells or bullets. You send back carrier pigeons and the carrier pigeons are killed. During the Battle of the Somme a friend of mine was up in a tree correcting the fire of his battery. He had a telephone and a telescope. He watched the bursting of the shells and then telephoned back to the guns to correct their fire. While he was doing this, he glanced back at the English lines, and saw a great enemy barrage bursting between himself and his friends, in a kind of wall of explosion. And hopping along through this barrage came one solitary English soldier, who paid no more attention to the shells than if they had been hail. He looked to see this man blown to pieces, but he wasn't blown to pieces; and then he saw that it was his own servant bringing a letter. He wondered what kind of a letter could be brought under such conditions, and what stirring thing made it necessary, so he climbed down the tree and took the letter and read it. The letter ran: "The Veterinary Surgeon-Major begs to report, that your old mare is suffering from a fit of the strangles." The servant saluted and said: "Any answer, sir?" And my friend said:

"No, no answer. Acknowledge." The servant saluted and went back with the acknowledgment, hopping through the barrage as though perhaps it were a little wet, but not worth putting on a mackintosh for.

There is another story told of a General (during an attack in the Battle of the Somme) who could not learn how far his division had gone. It was a matter of the most intense anxiety to him. He sent out messengers who never returned, the telephone wires were cut as fast as they were laid, and no pigeons came back. He stood beside the pigeon-loft biting his finger nails. Then at last, out of the battle, came a solitary pigeon, and the General cried: "There she is, there she is. Now we shall know." The pigeon came circling out of the smoke, and came down to the pigeon-loft and went in. The General said, "Go in, man, go in, and get the message!" So the pigeon fancier went into the loft and was gone rather a long time, and the General cried: "Read it out, man, read it out. What do they say?" The man replied, "I'd rather not read it aloud, sir." The General said: "Bring it here, man." The General took the message and read it, and the message ran: "I'm not go-

ing to carry this bloody poultry any longer."

I have said something about the dulness and the dirtiness of the life, but there is a kind of dirtiness to which I have not yet alluded. On your way up to the front you are struck by the number of soldiers sitting on the doorsteps of ruined houses studying the tails of their shirts as though they were precious manuscripts. When you are at the front you notice that the men have an uneasy way with their shoulders as though they wished to be scraping along brick walls, and when you have slept one night at the front you realize what the soldier meant when he wrote home to say: "This war isn't a very bloody war, so far as I've seen it, but it does tickle at night." I would like to ask all those who are sending packets of clothing to their friends at the front always to include the strongest insecticide they can find, because, though no insecticide is really strong enough to kill the creatures, a good strong insecticide will take the edge off them. The condition of needing insecticide is known as being "chatty." Not long ago an English actress was playing to the soldiers in a base camp. She was playing a play of Barrie's, in which a lady says of her husband that he was so nice and "chatty."

She was interrupted by a burst of joy from the troops. She could not understand what she had said to disturb them.

Next as to the danger at the front. In proportion to the numbers engaged, this war is by much the least dangerous war of which we have any record. The great scourges of ancient armies, typhus fever, typhoid, smallpox and measles, have been practically eliminated from this war. The only outbreak of typhus, so far as I know, was the outbreak in Serbia in 1915, and that was due not to the soldiers, but to the filthy conditions in which the Serbian refugees were forced to live. A friend of mine, a Doctor, was in charge of a hospital during that epidemic. The hospital was a big church which was completely filled with misery of every sort; typhus cases, typhoid cases, smallpox cases, maternity cases and children with measles, all jammed up together, and nobody to look after them but my friend and a few Austrian prisoners. The place was very filthy, crawling with vermin, and pretty nearly every known language was spoken there. One day a strange man appeared on the scene of misery. The orderlies asked my friend what they should do with him. My friend looked

at the man, and saw that he was pale and shaggy, so he said, "Just wash him and put him into one of the beds." So they washed him. He protested very vigorously, but they did it, and they put him into one of the beds. He protested very vigorously against that, but they put him in and kept him there. My friend, being very busy, was not able to see him for the rest of the day, and didn't get round to him until the next morning. Then he found that he wasn't sick at all, but had come with a message from some neighbouring hospital.

As to the danger from missiles at the front, it is true, that at any minute of the day or night, in any part of the Army Zone, you may become a casualty, and the thing which makes you a casualty may bury you as well, or blow you into such small fragments that nothing of you may ever be seen again, nor anybody know what has become of you. Even if you are away from the front, on some battlefield where there has been no fighting for months, you are still in danger, because the ground is littered with explosives in a more or less dangerous condition. There are bombs which are going off because their safety pins have rusted through, and shells which go off for no apparent cause.

You may jump across an open trench and land on a percussion bomb and kill yourself, or you may be riding along, and your horse may kick a percussion bomb and kill you. Or you may meet a souvenir hunter who will be equally deadly. And then some soldiers love to collect shells which have not exploded and then light fires under them for the pleasure of hearing them go Bang! They love to collect bombs and fling them at targets for their amusement. Last summer a General was walking on the old battlefield, when he heard a noise of cheering. There came a Bang, and bits of shrapnel came flying past. Then there came another cheer, and another Bang and some more shrapnel. So, guessing what was the matter, he jumped up onto the trench parapet and looked down. There he saw a burly soldier who had rigged up a target to represent a German and was bowling Mills bombs at it. At each bomb he shouted out: "Every time you hit you get a good cigar!" The General jumped onto this man and said: "Here, what are you doing? Don't you know that's against orders?" The man turned up the face of an innocent child and said: "No sir." "Well," said the General, "at least you know it's very dangerous,

don't you?" The man looked at the General and sized him up, and said, "Yes, General. That's just why I was doing it, sir. You know, sir, I'm a family man, sir. I daresay you are yourself, sir. And I was thinking, in a little while the little children will be coming back to these old battlefields. They won't know what these cruel bombs are, sir, they'll go playing with them, poor little things, sir, and they'll blow off their little arms, sir, and their little legs, sir. Then think of their poor mothers' feelings. So I just collected these few bombs, sir, really in order to save those little children, sir." So he was acquitted as a philanthropist.

While I am on the subject of bombs, I may say what happened to a boy of the Gloucester Battalion in Gallipoli. The boy was an agricultural laborer before the war and rather stronger in the arm than in the head. A friend came to his mother and said: "Oh, Mrs. Brown, what news have you of Bert?" Mrs. Brown beamed all over her face and said: "Oh, our Bert, he have had a narrow escape. He was in Gallipoli and there come a Turk and flung one of they bombs, and the bomb fell just at our Bert's feet, but our Bert he never hesitate, he pick it up, and he flung it

right to the other end of the trench, and it burst just as it got there. It killed two of our Bert's best friends, but if our Bert hadn't flung it just when he done, it would have killed our Bert."

During the course of this war some six or seven millions of men have been drawn into the English Army from every rank of society, and have submitted to a pretty rough test. Under that test, thousands of men, who had had no opportunity of showing what was in them in time of peace, have risen to positions of great dignity, trust and authority. And as a result, the Army today is a thoroughly democratic thing. At the beginning of the war it was not so. I know of a case, in which a rich man enlisted with his shepherd. He told the shepherd, when he enlisted, " Of course, I shall pay your wages as my shepherd all the time that we are serving." When they were in the Battalion the shepherd soon proved himself to be the better man. The shepherd became a Sergeant and his master remained a private. Presently, the master did something wrong and the shepherd had him up and got him ten days' fatigue. As he left the court, the master leaned over to the shepherd and said: " Your wages are stopped for these ten days." That was in

the early days of the war, when the democratic leaven was not working very well. But it is working very well today. I know of a case of a young man who began life as a stable boy in a racing stable. He didn't like the life, so he became a carpenter; he was a carpenter when the war began. He enlisted in a cavalry regiment, because he was very fond of horses; and as he knew a great deal about the management of horses he was given a commission straightaway. He was always a man of great good temper and charm and tact in dealing with other men. He soon rose to a Captain. He went to France with the battalion, served in the trenches, dismounted, and soon rose to be Colonel of the battalion. He handled the battalion with great distinction and was made a Brigadier-General, and he is a Brigadier-General today.

Last summer I was talking with a General about the war, and he said: "Guess what my best staff officer was before the war?" I couldn't guess. He said he was a barber's assistant. "Now what do you think my second best staff officer was before the war?" Again I couldn't guess. He said, "He was a milkman's assistant and went round with the milk

cans in the morning. Now what do you think my third best staff officer was before the war? He's the bravest man I've got." Again I could not guess. He said, "He was a milliner's assistant, and sold ribbons over the counter."

When the war is over and these men are disbanded back into every rank of society, they will carry with them this democratic leaven. I am quite sure that England, after the war, will be as democratic a country as this country or France.

If you turn your back upon the Army Zone and walk into the green and pleasant parts of France, you will notice that every big building in France is flying a Red Cross flag, for every big building now in France is a hospital. The business of the care of the wounded is a bigger business than coal or cotton or steel in time of peace. There are hundreds of thousands of orderlies and nurses and all the picked surgeons of the world looking after the wounded. There are miles of Red Cross trains carrying wounded, and there are more ships carrying wounded than carried passengers between England and America in the time of peace. I should like to tell you of one or two things

which have been done to better the lot of the wounded. Firstly, about facial surgery. In this war of high explosives it often happens that men will be brought in with all their faces blown away, with practically no face left beneath their brows, their noses gone, their cheeks gone, their jaws and their tongues gone. In the old days, if those men had survived at all, they could only have survived as objects of pity and horror and disgust. But today the facial surgeon steps in and re-makes their faces. The facial surgeon begins by taking a bone from the man's leg. Out of that bone they model him a new jaw-bone, which they graft onto the stumps of the old. Then cunning artists model him a new palate and a new set of teeth. Then, bit by bit, they begin to make him new cheeks. They get little bits of skin from the man's arm, and other little bits from volunteers, and they graft these on to what was left of the man's cheeks. Though it takes a long time to do, they do at last make complete cheeks. Then they take a part of a sheep's tongue and graft it on to the roots of the man's tongue, so that it grows. Then they add artificial lips, an artificial nose, and whiskers, beard and moustaches, if the man chooses. They turn the man out,

oftener handsomer than he ever was before, able to talk, and to earn his own living on equal terms with his fellowmen. In all that work of facial surgery the American surgeons have set a standard for the rest of the world. What they have done is amazing. You can see the men brought in, looking like nothing human, looking like bloody mops on the ends of sticks. Gradually you see them becoming human and at last becoming handsome and at last almost indistinguishable from their fellows. Surgeons not only restore the men fresh from the battle-field, but they remake the faces of those who have been badly patched up in distant parts of this war, such as Mesopotamia, where special treatment has been impossible, and though this re-making takes a very long time, it can still be done.

Another very wonderful treatment is the treatment of the burned men. In this war of high explosives and flame projectors many men are shockingly burned. You may see men brought in with practically no skin on them above their waist, unable to rest, and suffering torments. They apply the new treatment of Ambrene to these sufferers. Ambrene is said to be a by-product of paraffin mixed with

resin and with amber. It is applied in a liquid form with a camel's hair brush. Directly it touches the burned surface all pain ceases and the man is able to rest. In a fortnight the man has an entirely new skin, with no scar and practically no discoloration, and he is able to go back to the trenches, often much disgusted at being cured so soon.

When you have seen the wounded you have seen the fruits of this business. And when you have seen the wounded you resolve within yourself that at whatever cost this must be the last war of this kind. This war is being fought today in order that it may be the last war of its kind. If we succeed in this, as we shall, all the bloodshed and horror and misery of this war will have been very well worth while. But even when we have gotten rid of the causes of this war, there will still remain, in all human societies, many potential causes of war. A great deal of cant is talked about war. In all commercial countries there must be some manufacturers who make things that will be of great demand in war, and it is an unfortunate fact that after long periods of peace men begin to think a great deal about war, to read about it, and to brood upon it, and even to long for it, so

that they may have that deep experience for themselves. And to many young men war is exceedingly delightful. It gives them adventure, excitement and comradeship. Only the other day a young English soldier said to me: "Do you think this lovely war will ever come to an end?" I said I hoped it would, some day. And he said, "Well, I don't know what I shall do when it comes to an end. It will break my heart. I've had the time of my life." That boy was not quite nineteen. He had been a school-boy six months before. He had been badly wounded three weeks before. He had been at death's door a fortnight before. He had made an amazing recovery and was panting to get back. There are hundreds of thousand of young men like that, who thoroughly enjoy every minute of it. The older men do not view war with quite such enthusiasm. Their attitude, perhaps, is much like that of the Naval Officer who said the other day: "I do wish to God this war would end, so that I could get the men back to battle practice."

Even if we were able to be rid of all these potential causes of war we should not get rid of evil in this world, and as long as men can be evil, evil men will strike for power, and the

only way to resist evil men, when they do evil things, is to use force to them. It often needs a very great deal of force.

Yet when people ask me if I think that wars will cease to be, I always say that I do, because the evil things in this world do get knocked on the head. The dragons and basilisks and cockatrices have become extinct, and most murderers get hanged, and most lunatics get locked up; and men are coming more and more to see that certain evils that afflict life are not inevitable, and are not the will of God, but are simply the result of obsolete and stupid ways of thinking and of governing. It ought to be possible for the mind of man, which made the steam engine, the submarine and the aeroplane, and conquered the Black Death and yellow fever and typhus fever, to devise some means of living, nation with nation, without this periodical slaughter known as war. It won't be easy to devise any such means, men being what they are, with the instincts for war deeply rooted in their hearts, or easily put there by their rulers; yet the mind of man can do most things, if he can only get the will to do them.

Even before this war, when most men were either unoccupied or occupied only in the grim

and stupid devilry of plotting and preparing war; men tried to limit and prevent war, the Hague Conferences did sit. They didn't limit or prevent war, because they were not meant to. While they sat, one great power was doubling its army, and a second was doubling its strategic railways, and a third was increasing its navy, and all were afraid, each of the other. How could peace come from men under those conditions?

Then, though they made recommendations, the Hague delegates had no power to enforce them. They knew this when they made them. Their recommendations were therefore not forceful. They seemed to say, that war is inevitable, let us temper its horror. They did not say, war has no business in modern life, henceforth those who make war shall be treated as criminals by an international police.

They could not say that, but the Peace Delegates of the future will have to say it, if there is to be any future. And after this war men will listen to them if they do say it, for after this war men will passionately want to limit and prevent war. They know now, that the devil of war, which they fed with their arrogance, their envy, their strength and their stu-

pidity, is an overwhelming monster which eats them wholesale.

Not long ago, I was talking to an American about this ending of war by internationalism. He said: "If two great peoples would agree to it, it could be done; and if your country and mine would agree to it, it would be done." Don't think me a dreamer, an idealist, a pacifist. I am for the common man and woman, whose tears and blood pay for war. And in that matter of payment, the poor German pays, equally with the poor Belgian. He pays with all he has. On the battlefields of this war I have seen the men who paid. I have seen enemy dead, and Turk dead, and French dead, and English dead, and every dead man meant some woman with a broken heart.

Those men had no quarrel with each other. They lie there in the mud, because man, who has conquered the black death and typhus and smallpox, and the yellow fever, has not conquered the war fever. And the war fever takes him in the blood and in the soul and kills him by the hundred thousand.

When the blessed bells ring for peace, this year or next year, in man's time if not in ours,

it may be possible to remake the ways of national life more in accordance with man's place in the universe. When that time comes, France, this country, and England, the three countries which have done the most for liberty, will have deciding voices in that remaking. They will be able to declare in what ways of freedom the men and women of the future will walk. I trust that our three great nations may be able to substitute some co-operating system of internationalism for the competing nationalism which led to the present bonfire.

And when that time comes, I hope that one other thing may be possible. I hope that my people, the English, may, as your comrades in this war, do something or be something or become something which will atone in some measure for the wrongs we did to you in the past, and for the misunderstandings which have arisen between us since then. I'm afraid that the memory of those old wrongs may never pass, for nations, like people, do not forget their childhood. Yet I hope for the sake of the world, that it may be set aside, so that your country and mine, which have one great key to understanding, which other nations have not,

the same language, may, after this time of war work like friends together, to make wars to cease upon this earth.

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